

Harry Potter Story

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1. Default Chapter Title

Harry Potter story It was a cold and rainy day, and Harry, Ron, and Hermione were sitting in the Gryffindor common room of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, discussing Professor Snape's lesson in class.

>"It's just not fair," said Ron, banging his hand down on the table where they sat. "How can Snape expect us to finish this rubbish in one night?"

>He looked to be very annoyed, and was running his hands through his fiery red hair, which had now become moist with sweat.

>"Oh Ron," said Hermione, without looking up as she spoke, still writing furiously.

>"A Junebug Potion is really quite simple to conjure, first you-"

>"Save it, Hermione," said Ron, scooting his chair closer to Harry's.

>"It's getting late," said Harry. "I'm going to bed."

>Ron joined him, and they shut their books and headed upstairs to their four-poster beds. Hermione, however, still sat. She didn't even seem to notice Harry and Ron's departure. They both pulled their half-awake legs up to the dormitory room, and lazily plopped down on their beds, the furious rain outside pounding the window sill.

>Harry was having a restless night. He tossed and turned, pressing his pillow hard onto the back of his head, trying to block out the loud sound of the rain that seemed to never let up.

>Then he heard it.

>It started out to be faint and quiet, but gradually became louder and louder. It sounded like some loud vibration. The sound startled Harry into wake, and he rubbed his eyes and placed his glasses on, his face hot and sweaty. Slowly he got up, and peered out the window into the starry night. The vibrating sound was growing louder, his

body shook. It was becoming so loud he almost couldn't bare it, and then-

>"BAM!"

>A flash of velvet purple shot out from somewhere and, like a sheet, it expanded and flew all the way to atop the Forbidden Forest.

>Harry was jolted off his feet and screamed. He scrambled to his bed, but was caught by Dean Thomas around the waist, and Dean raised him up so that he was standing. Seamus, Neville, Ron, and Dean were hovered around him, confused looks spread across all of their faces.

>"What was that, Harry?" said Ron, who looked slightly more concerned than the rest of the group.

>"I- what? You guys didn't hear it?" said Harry, desperately turning to each bewildered face.

>A bang came from the Dormitory door. Ron turned and pulled the light switch, then opened the door. A crowd of male Gryffindors, mainly first years, were gathered around the open door, among them Colin Creevey.

>"What was all the fuss, Harry? Did somethin' big happen?" he asked in his usual annoying tone.

>"Get out, Colin," said Harry angrily.

>There were more hurried footsteps, and soon Fred and George Weasley appeared in the doorway, looking excited.

>"What happened, Harry?" said Fred anxiously, as he pushed Colin out of view. "Something dreadful, I presume!" cried Neville Longbottom, who had strayed into the corner and looked terrified.

>"Really?!" replied George eagerly. "What hap-"

>But he was cut off by Ron, who was getting angry with the attention Harry was receiving, for he was sure it was unwanted.

>"Lay off, George, Harry must just've had a nightmare."

>"Oh," frowned Fred. "We were hoping, er, thought it might have been an explosion."

>"No such luck," sighed Harry as he started to the door.

>"But Harry, could ya' please tell me what happened?" chirped Colin, as he squeezed through the crowd. "I'd really like to know, we all heard you screaming, I thought something might have happened to you, that would have been awfulâ€¦" Before Colin could go any further, Harry abruptly shut the door, and headed off back to his four-poster bed. Harry and Ron waited until the others had fallen back to sleep, and then Harry told him about the light.

>"Bizarre," whispered Ron after he had finished the story. "I didn't hear anything." It was very strange. Why would he be the only person to hear such a deafening sound? Why had it made him collapse so violently? These questions were no help in Harry trying to get back to sleep. He remained restless, the sharp blue flash of light coming into his head every time he dare start to drift off.

>Soon it was morning, and, as Harry had feared, the news of his collapse and loud scream in the night had spread through the school. First to hear the news, as it seemed he always did, was Draco Malfoy. Harry had been relieved early as he walked down the halls, it had seemed no one found out. But then, alas, as he walked down to the Entrance Hall, that drawling voice had been waiting for him. "Oooh, dim the lamps, everyone, Potter's sensitive." "Shut up Malfoy," muttered Harry, and he quickened his pace.

>The mornings lessons seemed to go faster than usual. Harry was anxious to get to lunch, so he could talk to Ron and Hermione about last nights events. As they all left for the Great Hall, Harry was careful to stay completely clear of Malfoy. When he got there, Ron

and Hermione, who had obviously been anxious to speak to him, too, ran over and sat down on either side of him. Harry explained all that had happened to Hermione, and to Ron, who, although he had witnessed it, was also not quite sure what had happened.

>"Hmmm," breathed Hermione when he had finished. "Are you sure you weren't dreaming Harry?"

>"Positive."

>"Maybe you were only half in, half out, and you were still dreaming, and-"

>"I know I wasn't dreaming, Hermione. It was too real."

>Just then, they heard a loud scream. Harry turned around. It was Malfoy, who had just entered the Great Hall, shielding his eyes and flailing around.

>"Nooooo! Not the light! It's too much!"

>Crabbe and Goyle laughed, Draco stopped flailing and joined in the group of Slytherins, smirking and pointing at Harry.

>Though the incident never happened again, no one at Hogwarts seemed to forget it. Least of all Malfoy, who delighted in doing his flailing impression, which got more extravagant every time he saw him. For this reason Harry attempted to stay back during the rush of students between classes. It worked well for a while, until one day right before Snape's class. A first year, in her rush to get to class, had ran past Snape's classroom as Draco was entering it and knocked all of his spellbooks and papers out of his hands. "Come back here now, you insolent little git!" "What's all the commotion?" came Snape's voice as he peaked his head out the window. "Come to class, you three, and have you seen-" Just then Harry tried to run behind Snape into class. Too Late.

>Snape grabbed him by the arm, and pulled him in front of him, facing Draco, Crabbe, and Goyle.

>"What have you guys been up to?" questioned Snape, as he looked down to scowl at Harry.

>"Professor, that little girl just knocked my work right out of my hands, and didn't even pick it up." "Now you, Potter, what's your excuse?"

>"I-er, well, Iâ€¦.."

>"That will be enough, Potter. Skipping class? You will serve detention tonight in my office. Wait, hmmm, yes, I'd rather it be my classroom. I don't care to have to look at you for that length of time. I will lock the door at six o'clock, and you will sit there until it's time for lights out. I want you to contemplate on the dangers of not going to class. To be served tomorrow night. Now, go and sit down."

>Harry shuddered. Snape's class was held under the school, in a cold dungeon. As he walked down the steps into potions, he thought about having to sit there, for three whole hours, entirely alone. The thought made him shudder again.

>As he sat down, he whispered to Ron and Hermione what had happened. Ron looked mad, and Hermione looked concerned. They both opened their mouths to speak, but just then Snape started the lesson.

>"Today we will be concocting the Junebug Potion. All of you have had ample time to learn about it from your text, andâ€¦.. Neville, what are you doing?"

>Neville was shivering and had his cloak pulled tightly around him. "It's just so cold, sir. I have never been able to withstand-"

>"You'll live, Longbottom. The Dungeon is a fine place for a potions class. In fact, the lack of light may even prove to be for some people's benefit."

>A very faint smirk appeared on his face. A few people giggled. It was obvious Snape was making fun of Harry.

>"What a jerk," muttered Ron.

>"Don't let it bother you, Harry, he's just an idiot," joined in Hermione.

>"Always has been, he's the coward, nothing but low down, skinny littleâ€¦"

>Ron slowly cut off, his face pink, Hermione's beat red. Snape had walked over, right behind them.

>"It looks as if you two would like to join Mr. Potter in Detention tomorrow night. You will all be here at six o'clock sharp. Got it?"

>Ron slowly nodded, his fists tightly clinched. Hermione buried her face in her arms.

>What had happened in Snape's class had set the Gryffindor common room abuzz once more, mostly badmouthing Snape.

>"Don't worry about it, Harry," Fred and George Weasley had told him. "We had to stay in the Dungeon once. It's not that bad. We concocted a potion and it grew grass all over the room."

>That didn't really help Harry's mood any. Percy didn't speak to him, probably half-approving of what Snape had done. Ginny simply sat and gazed sadly at him from the corner, and the the boys in his year weren't of much help either. Ron sat beside him, looking and furious and muttering under his breath. Hermione had left for her room earlier, looking teary eyed. Harry finally went to bed, dreading the day to come.

>That night, Harry grew restless, and yet again had trouble falling asleep. It was very cold, and Ron had much trouble sleeping too. They exchanged periodically tidbits about there hate for Snape until the sun rose, and they reluctantly raised from their bed, more tired than they could ever remember.

>When classes started the next morning, you would have thought it was going to be a great day. Something happened in the History of Magic course that had barely ever happened before: Professor Binns was interesting. On his long table in the front of the classroom, there were about thirty oddly shaped objects, which Harry thought looked like wooden grenades with a stem.

>"Now class, I am sure you are wondering what these little things on my desk are. Well, the easiest way to most adequately teach you about this is a story. Now, I am going off on a limb today students, for today I am not teaching you fact, but a legend. The legend of the key for hairy putters."

>Their were stifled laughs among the class.

>"What? What's so funny? Why does everyone laugh when I say that?"

>"Well, sir," began Seamus Finnigan. "You mean like, putters as in people who play golf or croquet?"

>"Yes, those are the ones. Trolls apparently were big on golf and croquet back then. That's why they call them that. They're 'The hairy putters.'"

>The class broke out laughing.

>"(Ha ha!), you mean, uh, I thought, (he he!), that those sports didn't even exist back then!" said Dean Thomas, as he continued to laugh.

>"Well, I suppose they must have. It's a very famous story."

>"Famous?" laughed Ron.

>"Yes! It is very famous!" cried Professor Binns, and his anger made everyone compose themselves once again.

>"Now, as legend has it, during a Troll Rebellion in 769, the Trolls

were forced to scatter into different places around the Magical Land. This was because powerful Witches and Wizards were on the hunt for them, and if they were in groups, once they found one, they would be able to kill them all. Their strategy did confuse the Witches and Wizards, but it created one small problem. Communication was difficult, and it was vital to know where other Trolls were going, so they wouldn't run into each other. They had to stay as far away as they could from other Trolls, while still having the time to think about their attacks on the Magical people. The only easy way to do this through owl. However, we caught on to this, and soon all people were capturing owls to inspect them before letting them continue in their journey. This forced the Trolls to send messages in code, which is where the artifacts I have with me today come in. They were created by a Wizard named of the name Bulas Boredmule."

>The class broke out laughing again.

>"What? Mr. Boredmule was a fine wizard!"

>More laughing followed.

>"WHAT?"

>"You meanâ€|â€| his name wasâ€|. bored mule? A bored mule?!" yelled Cho Chang, a Ravenclaw girl.

>"We should not judge people by their unusual names!" screamed Professor Binns, and the class became quiet again.

>"Now, if we can get back to the story. Mr. Bulas, along with a less important partner, a man named Aniveram, created these to decode anything. Now I will demonstrate. If I wanted to code the name, um, 'Binns,' this is how I would do it. First, to make the code, there are the letters 's,' 'n,' 'i,' and 'b' in my name. So, I will write this code."

>Professor Binns turned, got a piece of chalk, and wrote the word 'Nibs' on the chalkboard. Then he got hold of one of the small objects, whisked it past the name 'Nibs,' and the name erased, replaced slowly by letters appearing on the chalkboard-
'B-I-Nâ€|â€|N-S.'

>The class breathed in fast, then smiled and clapped. Professor Binns spoke above the happy shouts.

>"Now, as you can see, it took it a second to put the second 'n,' for that was not in the code. It had to trace the code back to me, and find the second 'n.'

>"I don't understand. How does it do that?" asked Seamus.

>Professor Binns smiled.

>"Magic."

>The rest of the day seemed to go on as usual, and the fun Harry, Ron, and Hermione had had at History of Magic was beginning to wear off. Detention was drawing nearer, and they were getting more and more depressed. Finally, the time came, and Harry was eager to get it over with.

>"Now, you three shall not speak to each other, I have asked Nearly Headless Nick to stay and make sure you don't," said Professor Snape.

>They slowly walked to the steps to the dungeon.

>"Get in!" snapped Snape, and they hurried down the passageway.

>It was cold and dark. Soon, Nearly Headless Nick appeared through a wall. "Nick, you hate Snape too, don't you?" asked Ron. "Why don't you let us talk a bit when we get down, eh? No one will know."

>" I do despise Professor Snape, but, oh, I'm sorry friends. Orders are orders."

>"You owe us!" yelled Ron. "Remember the Deathday Party?"

>"Shhh!" said Hermione. "We don't want anyone hearing us!"

>Harry thought Ron's statement might hurt Nick's feelings, but it didn't seem to. He hadn't really enjoyed his Deathday Party either.

>"I suppose you can speak a little, but make sure you whisper. Now, I brought these to pass the time."

>Their were three of those small, oddly shaped objects from Professor Binns class. "They are-"

>"We know what they are!" whispered Harry. "Thanks Nick!"

>Into the classroom, they sat in a corner. Nick went and got them some paper to use for the decoding with the objects he'd given them. Harry put 'yahr' on the piece of paper, and watched it slowly turn into 'H-A-R-Â€|Â€|R-Y.' He smiled. However, this was not enough to keep them interested until eleven o'clock. A half hour passed, and right after the letters had transformed into 'S-N-A-P-E- -I -S -A-N--I-D-I-O-T' for the sixth time by Ron, Harry grew weary and drifted off to sleep. Soon after, Ron and Hermione went to sleep too. Even Nick was floating in the air still, his eyes closed.

>He slept for what seemed like hours, untilÂ€|.

>"BOOM!"

>There was a loud sound that shook everyone awake.

>"What? Wh-What was that?" asked Nick sleepily as he awoke.

>"Dunno," said Harry.

>"Did something fall?" questioned Hermione as she arose and looked around the room.

>"Nope," said Ron, as he knelt down and looked under the tables.

"What time is it? Surely it's almost time to goÂ€|"

>"It's seven fifteen ," said Nick. "We've still got nearly four hours."

>"No! You can't be serious!" yelled Ron, and he looked at the clock, horrified.

>"NO!"

>Harry, Ron, and Hermione all collapsed onto the floor, to depressed to move.

>Then Ron sprang up.

>"Nick, who's supposed to take us up to our common rooms?"

>"Me," replied Nick, looking confused.

>"Great!" said Ron, and he walked towards the stairs.

>"What? Why?" they all asked.

>"Nick! You can go through the wall and let us out now! That's what you were going to do at eleven, wasn't it? No one will know!

Everyone's in their common room! We'll just blend in!"

>"We can't do that," said Hermione. "Everyone knows we got detention til' eleven.

>They'll know we sneaked out."

>Nick nodded in approval.

>"She's right," said Harry.

>Ron looked desperate." "Come on, Nick! At leastÂ€|.at least let us out to get some fresh air where it's warm. No one is downstairs."

>"Are you sure?" asked Nick.

>"Positive."

>Nick, Hermione, and Harry looked at each other.

>"If someone sees us, I'll say we pushed it open while you were sleeping."

>"Fair enough," said Nick. "But only for a minute or two."

>They all hurried up, and Nick went through a wall and around to the lock on the other side of the door. They heard it start to creak open, but then it was abruptly shut. Harry, Ron, and Hermione exchanged confused glances, and then they heard a voice.

>

>

>
"We have to go now, Minerva, we- oh! Hello Nick! What have you been up to?" "Oh, just roaming that halls, Professor Dumbledore sir. Very nice to see you. There was a whoosh of him leaving, and then more soft muttering as Professor Dumbledore and McGonagall kept walking.

>
"Great idea, Ron!" whispered Hermione, and Nick came whooshing back in. "I'm not going back out there," he said. "Now that they've seen me, they'll know I unlocked it if someone sees you out there."

>
They all crept back down, Ron very sullen. Harry, Hermione, and Nick all sat with a kind of glazed look on their faces counting the minutes. Ron, however, was pacing.

>
"Stupid Snape, he muttered. "STUPID!!!"

>
Harry leapt to his feet.

>
"Quiet down, Ron! You don't want us to have to stay here any longer, do you?" "No," said Ron sadly. There was a moments pause, and Harry noticed something on the wall next to them. In small, engraved writing on the stone, it read:

>
"Porden ot taxi" "What does that mean?" asked Harry, placing a finger on the writing. "Who caresâ€|. " said Ron, who was still very upset. "When are we gonna get out of this place?!"

>
Harry turned to Hermione, but had to turn around again fast, as Ron started yelling once again, beating his hands against the wall.

>
"BE QUIET!" yelled Harry over Ron, and he raised his hand to get hold of him. Just then, something happened that made the whole room go completely quiet. Harry had been holding the tiny decoder, and, whooshing past the message on the wall, the writing had disappeared.

>
Slowly, cracks appeared at the bottom of the wall, went up a few feet, and the made a straight line that connected them both. After that, letters also started to appear inside it:

>
"O-P-E-N- -D-â€|..O-â€|..O-R -T-â€|â€|O- -E-X-I-T." "W-wh-what d-door?" stuttered Ron, who was just as amazed as everyone else. "That door," said Hermione, and she followed the cracks with her fingers, which went into the perfect shape of a door.

>
"There's no knob," said Harry. "I'll just push it." He pressed on the door and, instead of swinging open, it simply tilted over and collapsed with a boom onto the floor beyond.

>
A great amount of dust arose, making them all cough.

>
"I'm not going in there," said Nick. "No way."

>
"I have to," said Ron. "I've got to get out of here. Coming with me guys?"

>
Harry and Hermione slowly and reluctantly stepped into the dark hall.

>
It was pitch black. Besides the doors on either side of the Hall, it was totally blank. Harry pulled out his wand and muttered "Lumos!" The light on the wand was very small, but it did at least let them see where they were going. In the back was a large black door, one which did not look like a good one to enter. Then, Harry

held up the wand to the short row of doors on either side. On the first door it read one-nine-nine-nine. The door on the other side read nine-eight-nine. Past that, the other set of doors read two-zero-zero-five, and one-nine-four-eight. Then, as Harry, Ron, and Hermione walked on, they came to an abrupt end. It was another door, a door that marked the end of the odd, short hallway.

>
"Well, fine then, I'll just go in this one," whispered Hermione, after a few seconds of silence. She was trying to sound confident, but the tone in her voice signified what everyone else was, too: terrified. The door they came in had disappeared, and now they were alone in this dust filled, freezing cold place.

>
"Okay," said Ron. "Be careful, and come back out and tell us what it leads to. "Sure thing," said Hermione, her eyes swelling up. Her panting breath could be seen in the air, it was so cold. Slowly she opened the door, and then ran in, shutting the door behind her.

>
"Oh no," muttered Ron.

>
"What?"

>
"Look- isn't thatâ€|â€|"

>
They hadn't seen it earlier. Etched on the bottom of the door in silver was what was unmistakable as a serpent.

>
"Oh no," said Ron again, a bit louder this time.

>
"We should get out of hereâ€|.." said Harry and he turned around, eyes blazing with fear.

>
"Shouldn't we wait for her, or, or help her or something?" asked Ron in an unusually high voice.

>
"Whatever is behind that door, we won't be able to help her with," replied Harry.

>
"Now, lets get out!"

>
They walked up to a set of doors on one side.

>
"I'll go first," said Ron. He took a very deep breath. A flood of air came from his mouth when he exhaled. He paused, closed his eyes, and shot through the door, opening and closing it as fast he could. Then, he was gone. Now Harry stood alone in the small, freezing hallway. He turned around and headed towards

"one-nine-four-eight." He raised his shaking hand towards the knob, closed his eyes tight, and-

>
"Creeeeekâ€|â€|â€|â€|."

>
Harry stopped dead.

>
Slowly but surely, the door next to Ron's was opening. There was nowhere to go. Should he open the door he was at, or should he wait and see who was opening the other door? Could it be Ron or Hermione, who had walked into the next room? Or could it be Snape, out to find where they had gone? Or could it be even worseâ€|â€|â€|

>
Out from the door, a large man with hair down to his shoulders appeared. He smiled.

>
"Who are you?"

>
"Um, er, my name is Harry-"

>
"Harry! That's a nice name!" he said, in a heavy accent.

>
"Who are you?"

>
He bowed enormously, similar to the way he remembered Dobby the House Elf once had.

>
"Versant Thofe` Kolrad, at your service."

>
"Is that French?" Harry asked.

>
"Yes it is."

>
The man approached Harry.

>
"What are you doing in these parts?"

>
"Well, what exactly are these parts? Where did you come from?"

>
"This? This is the Alumni section, for former students at Hogwarts. I'm here for my school reunion, Class of 89',"

>
"Really? I didn't know they had those here!"

>
"Yep, well, they do. Would you like to come join us?"

>
"Oh, I guess. But I wanted to know- what do these other doors lead to?"

>
"Just this and that, I guess. C'mon!"

>
Versant opened the door and they both stepped in. It was very peculiar. The room was huge and looked oddly designed. Only half of it was painted. In the middle stood one solitary round table, and three people sat in it. In the corner was a tall black haired man who was exiting through another door.

>
"Ah, Versant! Come to find us another bright young student?"

>
"What?" asked Harry.

>
"Do you want to go to Hogwarts?"

>
"Actually, I am going to Hogwarts."

>
"Hey! That's the spirit! Helga, could you pass me the salt? Rowena, I think the peppers closer to you. Thanks. I like you, boy! You seem to have a lot of potential."

>
"Um, Ok."

>
Harry was ushered forward by Versant

>
"Hey, isn't he going to stay and talk? I'd love to talk to such a bright young boy," persisted the man.

>
"Oh, Godric, you see potential in every little boy."

>
They kept walking. Godric. What a familiar name.

>
"I thought you said this was a reunion."

>
"What? Oh, it is, but no one really came."

>
They walked forward to the door the black haired man had entered earlier. Inside was a long, stone Hall. Versant turned around and locked the door. The tall man was in the middle of the Hall, his back to Harry. Suddenly he turned around. For some reason, an uncontrollable fear spread through him.

>
"This is Harry Potter, sir."

>
"Oh, is itâ€|â€|.. Thank you Versant. You may go now."

>
Harry turned around and Versant was gone.

>
"You know Harry, I've always been a man of strong moral values concerning magic. Magic is precious to me, Harry. I would do anything, anything, to make sure it stayed as it should. You can understand that, can't you Harry?"

>
Harry faintly nodded.

>
"This man, Versant, he wants that to. He's told me many things Harry, things about you. Things about myselfâ€|â€|.. Then he heard it again.

>
That faint vibrating noise, it was coming again. Only this time, he could also feel something in his pocket vibrating. Before the sound grew loud enough so that he couldn't bear it, letters, etched in the air above the man, started to appear. They weren't choppy like the objects had made them when decoding earlier. This time they weren't decoding, but he knew that it was the source of the sound. The words spread fluently, and what they said were almost enough to cause the reaction the sound had given him the last time:

>
"Harry- Listen carefully. You must get out of the Entrance Hall before it's too late. The man in front of you, Harry, His name is Salazar Slytherin. Those were not just numbers on the doors you

entered. You have entered the Hall of Past and Future. I feared it would happen.

>
Harry had to think fast. What did he mean, get out of the Entrance Hall? Surely this wasn't the Entrance Hall! But it was then that he understoodâ€¦.. Godric, Helga, Rowena, and Salazar- the founders of Hogwarts. He had not entered room number nine-eight-nine, he had entered the year 989, and Hogwarts was being founded. But this Versant then, who was he? Just then more letters appeared. Versant Thofe` Kolrad- (the words rearranged) Servant of The Dark Lord.

>
"Noo!" cried Harry. He stumbled and turned around.

>
"So much could be solved if you weren't around Potter. If you never existed. If I kill you now, Potter, you will be erased from time. No one will be there to kill High Lord Voldermort. Voldermort will rule for the strong, only the strong will survive!"

>
" No! Godric! Rowena! Helga! Help!!"

>
He was looking everywhere, desperately searching for a way out.

>
There was a large black door off in a corner. He ran for it. Salazar was screaming. "It's too late, Harry Potter! Lord Voldermort shall rule! You shall DIE!"

>
The stone black door was locked. It was the end, Harry thought all was lost, and-

>
Use the key Harry.What Key? He didn't have any key, he definently didn't have one the size to fit this door! Just then, he felt a heavy weight pull him downwards on his right. Somehow, the key had appeared in his pocket, and was so heavy it was weighing him down! He grabbed for it as fast as he could and shoved it in the lock. Salazar was raising his wand, he wouldn't be able get through the door in time. Then, as the dark spell was shot out like lightning right at Harry's head, there was a pause. Harry's eyes were tightly closed, ready for the worst. Instead, he heard a yell, and some sort of static sound. He slowly opened one eye, heart beeting faster than he could ever remeber. Godric Gryffindor was standing between him and Salazar- his wand out, blazing into Salazar's spell.

>Harry took his eyes away and turned towards the door. He moved it all around and, finally, it was open.

>"Harry!" yelled Godric. "Send him in if he catches you!"

>"Send who? If who-"

>But just then Salazar whipped his wand away and tried to shoot it at Harry. Harry slammed the door shut just as Godric countered it and they were back to dueling. "Don't worry!" he could hear him say, just as he shut it.

>Harry turned around. He was back in the Hall. But how would he get out now? Now Harry understood the dates. They were all soome of the most important for Hogwarts. 1998, when he battled Lord Voldermort there. 1948, when Tom Riddle opened the Chamber of Secrets. 989, when Hogwarts was opened, and 2005, the futureâ€¦|.

>"Why would that be important?" he whispered to himself.

>"I'LL TELL YOU WHY!" came a raging voice from behind him.

>It was Versant, the servant of Voldermort.

>"Because it will show you what Hogwarts will become once I kill you. Which is more likely? A powerless teenager or a wizard in Lord Voldermort's circle winning in battle? I'll be this door has the same answer in mindâ€¦|â€¦|"

>He whisked it open. Harry stepped forward to look into it. Out the door was a scene of chaos. The sky was a dull gray. The trees were leafless, and Hogwarts- no! That couldn't be Hogwarts! It was in

ruins, most of it shattered, the only part of it standing holding three people. They stood on the highest balcony. It started to rain, lightning shooting down every which way. On one side there was a large, long haired man. It was Versant. On the other sideâ€¦. It was Quirrel. Of course! Quirrel wouldn't be dead if Harry had never existed. And in the middle, a huge, hooded figureâ€¦.. it was Lord Voldemort. His hands raised, he was bellowing down at the crowd. Some were screaming most were kneeling down to him in hopes of not being killed. His friends, his teachersâ€¦.. they were all there. The Weasleys sat teary eyed near the frontâ€¦..but Ron wasn't there. It was then that it had occurred to Harry. This was the door Ron had gone through! What had happened to him? Everyone, even the children, looked hopeless.

>"Just as I had thought," continued Versant. "Now back to business, unfortunately, my wand is back in the time that I live in. But, also, unfortunately for you-"

>He shoved Harry to the ground, and took his wand.

>"- You don't have one either."

>Harry didn't know what to do, then, he remembered what Godric had said.

>"Send him in here. Don't worry."

>He understood. Backing up to the door, he tried to unlock it. It worked. Now he waited. Versant was silent. Would the door open to the Entrance Hall where Godric was, or something else? He would have to take the chance. Just then, Versant lunged at Harry. Quick as he could, he opened the door. Versant went in, and Harry had just enough time to see Godric say "Good Job, Harry," and it was shut.

>The Hall was silent. Where did he go? He knew not to go in any of the rooms with dates, he wanted to go back to real life. But how? The only other door was the one Hermione had entered. He approached it. Should he just go? Then he got an idea. Harry took out the notepad Nearly Headless Nick had given him in the Dungeon. "Serpent," he scrawled. Then, he took out the object from his pocket, and-

>"Harry!"

>Ron had just come out of the door he had seen.

>"Harry! It was so weird! First I was at Hogwarts, then I was at this gray, dark place where people were crying. I actually started to forget about you entirely! It was like a whole new past was being written for me!"

>He paused.

>"Weird, Huh?"

>"Not that weirdâ€¦!"

>He spread the object over the name "Serpent." Slowly, it rearranged.

>"P-R-E-S-E-N-T."

>Harry's heart leaped.

>"Yes!"

>"What?"

>"Just go in the door!"

>They both opened it, and, to Harry's great relief, he saw Hermione, Dumbledore, and Professor McGonagall waiting for him.

>"Oh Harry!" said Hermione, and she thrust her hands around him.

>Then, Snape approached.

>"Sir, these students were supposed to be serving detention!"

>"I'll let it pass this time, Severus," said Dumbledore calmly.

"Minerva, if you would escort Mr. Weasley and Ms. Granger back to

their common rooms, I would like a word with Harry."

>They went on, and Dumbledore and Harry walked slowly down the Entrance Hall.

>"You did great, Harry."

>"What? How'd you know?"

>"I had a feeling this would happen," Dumbledore replied. "You see Harry, I knew that soon after the wizards involved in Dark Magic became aware of your whereabouts, it was only a matter of time before they attempted to use time to kill you, and therefore make Lord Voldemort rise in power again. There are two kinds of time travel devices, there are the ones involved in the magic in our kind, such as the one in your pocket, which I recently invented, and then there is time portal created by the Dark Arts, a purple orb that that is silent when erupting to those previously unaware of it; it is the only one that can be used to harm. When you came 2 years ago, I enchanted Hogwarts so that whenever this kind was used, we would hear it."

>"You mean, me and you?"

>"Yes."

>Harry bit his lip.

>"Why did you make me able to hear it, Professor?"

>Dumbledore smiled at Harry through his half-moon spectacles.

>"Well Harry, the purpose of the orb is for evil. In this case, an evil intended to be brought against you. I had a feeling if you heard it, the time orb would feel you hearing it, for it has a magic all it's own. It's intention being to destroy you, it then followed you wherever you went. The portal being an orb, it easily dissolved into the air, invisible to all around it, waiting for you to be alone, so it could strike. Until tonight, there was no way to stop it. I have been working tirelessly over the past few days to create a superior force, one which would guide you through The Hall of Past and Future, one which destroy the Orb.

>"When I finished tonight, I was to come and hand over the device to you, but you were not in your common room. After I met up with Nearly Headless Nick, I feared the worst. I believed the orb must have already sucked you in to it's Hall, to be taken in by a Servant of Voldemort and destroyed.

>"So I developed an idea as to how to safely relay the time device I had created to you. I used it myself."

>Harry stared.

>"What?"

>"I travelled far back, Harry. Minerva assisted me, for I had informed her of the arrival of the orb. I stayed long enough to spread my invention across the magical land, and to develop a story about it's origin. No one knew that it was also a time device, therefore no one knew to use it as so. As I suspected, once I re-entered the present, and viewed the History books in the library, my invention had become a ground breaking find of the times, and the story I had created equally as historic. I travelled a few hours to earlier today, and asked Professor Binns to give out samples of the invention to the class. I told him I believed third years were old enough to hear about such an innovative discovery. He readily agreed, and that is how you came to have the one in your pocket. I assume the orb was growing restless, and the time in the dungeon, was preparing it's attack, resolving to taking all three of you into the Hall. However, it seems all is well now, thanks to you." Harry smiled.

>"I knew something was up when Professor Binn's class was interesting!"

>Dumbledore smiled. Harry was starting to understand. But then, Harry remembered something from class earlier that day.

>"If that's true, then who are those guys Binns talked about, Bulas Boredmule (he controlled a compulsion to laugh out loud) and Aniveram?"

>Dumbledore gazed down at Harry.

>"Harry, give me the time portal in your pocket."

>Harry placed it in Dumbledore's hand. Professor Dumbledore then took it and whooshed it through the air:

>Bulas Boredmule and Aniveram A-L-B-U-Sâ€"D-U-M-B-L-E-â€"D-O-R-E-AND- M-I-N-E-R-V-A

>Harry's jaw dropped. He understood it all now. The story had not been "the key for hairy putters," it had been the key for Harry Potter!

>Harry paused, awe struck, and looked up at Dumbledore.

>"Well, is the orb destroyed?"

>Dumbledore had a somewhat grim expression on his face.

>"I cannot be for sure, Harry. The only way we'll know is if it happens again, and those are circumstances we will hope we won't have to deal with."

>Harry thought for a moment.

>" I just need to know one more thingâ€"

>Heart pounding, Harry ran to Professor Binns office. Up the stairs, he turned to his door, panting. Slowly the door creaked open, and Harry sat himself down on an adjacent chair, still breathing very fast.

>"Professor Binns," Harry asked, his stomach twisting up. "Howâ€".why did Salazar Slytherin leave Hogwarts, a thousand years ago?"

>Professor Binns eyed him. He turned to a large book on his desk- Hogwarts, A History.

>"Oh, well, I must say I find your sudden enthusiasm for History disturbing. Nonetheless, ah, here it isâ€" straight out of the book:

> <p><p>

2. Default Chapter Title

"In the last straw for Salazar Slytherin, co-founder of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Salazar was involved in a battle with Godric Gryffindor, another founder, in which they fought wand to wand, both with unidentified wizards at their side (these wizards widely believed to be a boy reportedly named Terry Putter, a student at the time, who fought with Godric, and a man known only known as Vorsent, who fought with Salazar, although these names have only been passed by word of mouth, and there is no official documentation). Proceeding that, Although there are conflicting stories-"

>
Harry interrupted Professor Binns nervously, and spoke fast:

>
"Okay, okay, skip to the good partâ€". Who won?"
>
Binns lowered his reading glasses and eyed him suspiciously. He then skimmed a few pages, and re-adjusted his glasses.
>
Godric and the boy eventually defeated both him and the other man in the brief encounter. Salazar bounded out of the school before he could be attacked any further by Godric, and was never to be seen or heard from again.
>

>As for the unidentified persons alongside both Godric and Salazar, it would seem that they simply vanished after the history making battle." Harry sighed in relief, and chuckled slightly. "What?" asked a restless Professor Binns. "Nothing," said Harry. "I just figured as much."

End
file.